



Ursinus College

Digital Commons @ Ursinus College

Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898


The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,
Perkiomen Valley

3-31-1892

Providence Independent, V. 17, Thursday, March 31, 1892, [Whole Number: 876]

Providence Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence>

 Part of the [American Politics Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 17, Thursday, March 31, 1892, [Whole Number: 876]" (1892). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 651.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence/651>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville, Perkiomen Valley at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.



ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND.

DO RIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF RIGHT.

Volume 17.

Collegeville, Pa., Thursday, March 31, 1892.

Whole Number: 876.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.Practising Physician,
TRAPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly
opposite Masonic Hall.**M. Y. WEBER, M. D.**Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA. Office Hours:—Until 9
a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.**E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.**Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Office Hours:—Until
9 a. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.**S. R. HORNING, M. D.**Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA. Telephone in office.
Office Hours until 9 a. m.**DR. B. F. PLACE,**Dentist,
311 DEKALB ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.
Branch Office—COLLEGEVILLE—Tuesday, every
week. Gas administered.**Cheapest Dentist in Norristown.****N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.**
209 SWEDS STREET, (first house
below Main Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.
(Formerly of Boyertown.)The only place where Pure Nitrons Oxide
(Laughing Gas) is made a specialty for the
painless extraction of teeth. Artificial sets from
\$5 to \$10. English and German spoken.**EDWARD E. LONG.**Attorney-at-Law,
and Notary Public. Settlement of Estates a
Specialty. Also general Real Estate Business.
Office:—415 Swede Street opp. Court House.
Residence and Evening Office:—North cor.
Marshall & Stanbridge Sts., NORRISTOWN, PA.**AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER.**Attorney-at-Law,
Land Title and Trust Co., Building, Nos. 608 and
610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Room 33. Take the Elevator. Practices also in
Montgomery county. Norristown Address,
556 Stanbridge St.**HOBSON & HENDRICKS.**Attorneys-at-Law.
NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE.
All legal business attended to promptly. Also
agents for first-class Stock Fire Insurance Com-
panies. Mr. Hendricks will be at his College-
ville Residence every Tuesday all day.**J. M. ZIMMERMAN.**Justice of the Peace,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Legal Papers, Bonds,
Deeds, Etc., executed and acknowledged
taken. Conveyancing and Real Estate
business generally attended to. The
clerking of sales a specialty.**JOHN S. HUNSICKER.**Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, PA. Conveyancing and Gen-
eral Business Agent. Clerking of Sales
attended to. Charges reasonable.**W. M. PEARSON.**Auctioneer,
PHRENTISSVILLE, P. O., Pa. Residence near Black
Rock, Upper Providence. Will do my best
to fill every engagement satisfactorily.**EDWARD DAVID.**Painter and
Paper-Hanger,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Samples of paper
always on hand.**DAVID BROS.**Plumbers,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
Offices:—1224 North 10th St., & 2316 Germa-
ntown Avenue, Philadelphia. Country work
a specialty. Estimates furnished.**L. E. WISMER.**Practical Slater,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Always on hand roofing
slate, slate flagging and roofing felt. All
orders promptly attended to. Also on
hand a lot of greystone flagging.**J. P. KOONS.**Practical Slater.
RAHN STATION, PA. Dealer in every quality
of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates.
Send for estimates and prices.**TIGER HOTEL.**Fourth & Vine Sts., Philada.
This old and popular hotel still furnishes the
best accommodations for man and beast. The
bar always supplied with the best liquors and
cigars. Rates: \$1.50 per day; from \$4.50 to \$6
per week.
J. W. PLACE, PROPRIETOR.
JOHN GUNTHER, Clerk.**JOSEPH STONE.**Carpet Weaver,
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL. Rag carpet woven
in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Good rag carpet for sale at reasonable prices.**DANIEL H. BUCKWALTER.**Carpet Weaver,
ONE MILE WEST OF TRAPE (at the resi-
dence of B. F. Buckwalter). Rag Carpet woven
in any style desired at reasonable prices. Favor
me with your orders. 31decem**MAGGIE MACGREGOR.**Dressmaker,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Will take work at home
or can be engaged by the week. (12p2m)**MAGGIE SPARE.**Dressmaker,
IRONBRIDGE, PA. Will take work at home
or can be engaged by the week. (12p2m)**MRS. S. L. PUGH.**TRAPE, PA. Attends to laying out the
dead, shroud-making, &c.**SUNDAY PAPERS.**The different Philadelphia papers delivered
to those wishing to purchase in Collegeville and
Trappe, every Sunday morning.
HENRY YOST, News Agent.
Collegeville, Pa.**F. W. SCHEUREN.**Tonsorial
ARTIST!
COLLEGEVILLE,
PENNA.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c.
Ladies' Bang Cutting a Specialty. The
best establishment in town.
Parlor Opposite Post Office.**W. L. GEORGE.**COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor.
RAZORS PUT IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER.
Opp. Gristock & Vanderslice's.**A PECULIAR GIRL.**

BY MRS. WILLIAM WINTER.

Rachel Lander began life by being peculiar. Instead of the customary and orthodox yell, with which the youthful inhabitants of this planet greet their first sight of it, Rachel remained perfectly quiet, only looking up into the nurse's face with a calm and questioning gaze, which greatly disconcerted that experienced matron—or, to quote her own words, causing her to be "so all struck of a heap, it was a blessed miracle she hadn't dropped the uncanny little thing then and there, an' so stopped her from any chance of making any noise in the world, either then or thereafter."

But the baby thrived, and as her young life advanced from weeks to months, and from months to years, she managed to keep up her reputation, so early begun, of being unlike other children. Of course, she heard a great deal of this "peculiar" way of hers, and she liked being made the subject of wondering remarks and admiration—though, perhaps, that was not peculiar. Anyway, she soon became imbued with the idea that everything that happened to her was special and unusual; and though naturally warm-hearted, and not more selfish than the general run of her sex and age, she certainly developed a remarkable amount of egotism.

At eighteen she fell in love, quite convinced that, though other girls may have imagined themselves in love before her time, there had never really been any one who thoroughly understood the heights and depths of that passion till it was exemplified in her. George Murray encouraged her in that belief, and declared that he responded to it with fervor and intensity, which could only be experienced in the unknown recesses of the male heart.

There was soon an almost bitter feeling of rivalry between the lovers as to which of them loved the more, and while this feeling was at the height, Amy Rivers came home from boarding-school.

Amy was the kind of girl that men go mad about. She was small and slender, with dainty hands, and feet of diminutive size, and a heart of similar dimensions. She had a mass of fluffy blond hair, a complexion of lilies and roses, and great china-blue eyes, very soft and dewy, and shaded by long, silky lashes, that gave them an expression of deep feeling, such as their owner had never experienced in all her shallow life. For the rest, she had great taste in the adornment of her charming person, and her maid faithfully carried out her best ideas.

Miss Amy Rivers very speedily settled the curious rivalry that had existed between the lovers. She had not been home a week when George Murray ceased protesting the superior depth of his attachment to Rachel. By the end of the second week he never spoke of his love at all, and looked bored when his fiancée spoke of hers. By the end of the third week he had almost ceased visiting Rachel, and then only on compulsion; and by the end of the fourth week the whole town was talking of his elopement with Amy Rivers, and wondering if Rachel Lander—who had fallen like one dead when she learned of it—would ever rise from the bed on which they laid her. But Rachel didn't die. As she said, bitterly, that would have been too simple; and, being peculiar, she had to live for something much harder to bear. Poor girl! It was really a great grief, and her suffering was acute; but, after her custom, she made it worse.

There had never been so great a wrong committed against any woman, and none other had even felt such so deeply.

Having said that, she closed her lips on the subject. Year after year went by, and many people had forgotten Rachel Lander; and those who knew her, sometimes failed to recognize the worn, haggard woman of twenty-five, who certainly looked ten years older; and when people spoke of her, it was either with pity or contempt.

"Such a wasted life!—an only child,

worshiped by her parents, who were dying of grief for her selfish grief—a rich woman, too, who might be doing so much good with her hoarded wealth—and all about a man who had jilted her! It was wicked and shameful," said her critics; and likely enough they were right.

But Rachel did not hear them; and if she had, she would not have cared, for in her own way her life was ordered carefully and methodically, and her money was not hoarded nor wasted; but, being peculiar, as usual she chose to live in her own way, and to do that which she felt she could do, in the manner that best suited her.

The poor, the sick and the suffering knew her well. They did not think her life a wasted one. What this poor, embittered, disappointed woman felt in the silent depths of her own reticent, intense nature, she hardly knew herself; for she shrank from formulating her own thoughts even to her own mind, but occasionally something in the outside world seemed to shape them for her. As, for instance, one morning when she suddenly found herself gazing at an old woman whom she met in her morning walk—a

wretched woman, her face seamed with wrinkles, her hair an unkempt frowze of gray, straggling locks, her clothes tattered and torn, though well hidden by an old black shawl that draped her head and fell in folds about her—a most painful and unlovely sight in the morning of an early, cold March day.

"Shall I ever look like that?" thought Rachel. "Old, withered, broken-hearted—poor old woman! Perhaps if I could know her story I should learn that some man jilted her in the sweet springtime of long ago. Being a poor, gentle feminine creature, she didn't die, though her heart broke, and as the burden of life grew too heavy to bear, she began to drink—at first, to forget, and then to keep warm."

The tears that seldom rose to Rachel's eyes for her own woes, overflowed for the imagined sorrow of this forlorn old wreck of humanity. The woman was quick to see, and instantly stretched forth an imploring hand, in which Rachel placed a liberal donation.

It was this incident that paved the way for an unexpected but far more important encounter. As Rachel, walking quickly, and with eyes still wet with tears, and a heart wildly throbbing with newly quickened feeling, turned the corner of the street, she rushed directly into the arms of a young man who was coming toward her. He was pale and wan, he stooped under the weight of that experience that is more aging than years, but Rachel knew him in an instant, and as his arms involuntarily closed about her and held her for one moment to his breast, she cried out, as if he had thrust a dagger in her:

"George—George Murray!"

"Rachel," he said, softly, "forgive me. I did not mean to touch you. It was so sudden—"

"Yes, yes, I knew. It is my fault. I didn't see you."

And she wrenched herself from his hold, it was, indeed, from his embrace, for he clung to her as if he could not resist her. But seeing her face, which grew like marble at sight of him his arms dropped away from her.

"Oh, can you forgive me?" he cried. "It was all a wild delirium—a madness! I never loved but you! Can you not forgive me—can you not even try to forgive me?"

"I cannot even try," she said, and her voice was like the knell of hope; and, with a gesture of unspeakable contempt, she waved him aside, and passed on. How she reached home Rachel Lander never knew; but some hours later she was aware that she was in her own room, the door locked, and all the world shut out.

How long she had been there she did not know, but she remembered that when she came in she had sunk upon the sofa half fainting; but now her heart was beating wildly and every pulse thrilled as if with some new life—a feverish, delirious ecstasy such as she had never known before. She glanced up and saw the reflection of herself in the long mirror opposite, and wondering, doubting her own eyes, she rose, went over close to the looking-glass and started.

Was that Rachel Lander, that radiant vision of brilliant, gracious womanhood? The years younger than she had looked when she went out that morning. A joyous excitement glowed in her great, deep, dark eyes, her cheeks and lips were flushed with the hue of the rose, the mass of dark brown hair, usually worn in a tight knot at the back of her head, had slipped from its fastening and fell in a disheveled, waving, glossy mass about her neck, and shoulders, reaching to her waist, and her tall, slender figure, in its unconscious poise of triumph, had all the lissome grace of buoyant girlhood.

"Can it be I?" she murmured, wonderingly. "Yes, it is, indeed I,

and I am beautiful. Ah! my day has come—the day I never even dared to hope for! He loves me, and I am a thousand times more beautiful than that pale doll that took him from me! And he—he loves me! My hour has come! It is just, and I will use my power. I will be revenged—revenged!"

And, like poor old Lear, Rachel determined that her vengeance should be the terrors of the earth—a ravage unique, unusual, peculiar, like herself.

From that day Rachel Lander returned to society. She soon learned what, had she been accustomed to the gossip of the town, she would have known months ago—that Murray had returned a broken-hearted, ruined man, bitterly disappointed in the wife who had squandered his fortune in their brief married life, leaving him not even the memory of her love when he laid her in her grave, her shallow, frivolous heart forever stilled, and his life embittered with the mingled poison of self-contempt and remorse.

It was very soon as plain to all who saw him as it was to Rachel, that his love had returned to its first object with a passionate intensity such as he had never before known himself capable of; and, indeed, he only seemed to live in Rachel's presence, seeking her whenever she could be found, following her every movement with adoring eyes, breathing, almost, to the sound of her voice. But he never put his love into words, he scarcely dared to speak to her at all, content if he might only gaze on her when she moved.

How Rachel felt about this silent worship none could tell—in some ways she was more peculiar than ever—but it looked, at times, as if she chafed under it.

One night Rachel Lander missed the figure of George Murray from a large party, at which she was, as usual, the brilliant and beautiful attraction. As hour after hour went by, and still he came not, she was uneasy, the people soon bored her. Presently she could endure the crowd no longer, and, with a strange, uneasy tremor, she withdrew quietly, ordered her carriage, and was driven home. The same thing happened the next night, and the next. On the fourth night she had grown almost haggard with disappointment and—rage, she said to herself. But presently she overheard a remark dropped in a whisper:

"George Murray is ill—dying. The doctor gives no hope."

And at these words the very beating of her heart seemed to stop.

"Ill! 'Dying!'?" she repeated, in a sharp, agonized whisper. "Impossible! He must not be ill! He dare not die!"

Her vengeance was not yet complete, that revenge for which she lived—on which she lived, her very life itself! She fled from the place, and hiding herself within her carriage, bade the coachman to drive her to the home of George Murray. She soon found that his condition had not been exaggerated. A violent and deadly form of typhoid had stricken him, and he was already raving in delirium. The physician made no pretense of hope. He told Rachel plainly that in all human probability her friend was doomed.

"There is but a shadow of a chance in a hundred that he may live."

"But, doctor, we will take that one shadow chance, and let the other ninety-nine go," said Rachel.

Doctor Frank looked at her, but said nothing; he didn't understand her. Like every one else in the place, he knew Rachel's story, and he asked himself: Could it be possible, after all, that she loved this man who had jilted her and broken her heart? Her face told him nothing. She was very pale, and her eyes glowed like live coals—but their meaning was a mystery to him.

On the following morning Rachel took her place in Murray's room. A capable nurse was already there, and being a woman, perhaps she understood Rachel better than the doctor, anyway, she made no objection to her presence, and if she had, it would not have made any difference. Miss Lander was accustomed to having her own way.

The days went by and grew into weeks, and they were slow and tedious to nurse and physician, as such days were wont to be, for they began now to count the hours till George Murray's breathing should cease—that breathing that was often so faint that more than once it seemed to have ceased entirely. But Rachel kept no reckoning of time.

One day in the early summer the windows were open, for it was very warm, and the odor of roses and honeysuckle and purple Clematis filled the room with perfume. The sick man lay asleep, white as the tall lilies in the window.

"He will never come out of this sleep," said the nurse in a hushed voice.

Rachel drew a long breath, and took the wasted hand in both her own and

held it close, while her very soul seemed to pass into that touch. She bent over him, almost as pale as himself, only that her cheeks burned and her eyes were fixed on his face with a look that seemed to bathe him in the glow and fervor of their light. She did not speak, and her gaze never left him. Hours passed. The hand she held lost its deathly chill, and grew warm and moist, a faint, dewy moisture was on the brow and temples, and the breathing grew stronger, longer and steadier. It was evening when the sleeper stirred slightly, slowly unclosed his eyes and smiled, as he looked up and recognized Rachel. It was a week later, and she was again beside him, while Doctor Frank and the nurse spoke of him in the next room, comparing notes as to his strange and unexpected recovery.

"They say you have saved me, Rachel," he said, in a voice still faint and low.

"Yes, I could not let you go, George."

"And what are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to be revenged on you."

"Ah! But how, dear?"

"I am going to marry you."

"Rachel! Do you mean you have forgiven me?"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so," murmured Rachel. "You know, George, that I was always very peculiar."

She bent down and pressed a long, lingering kiss upon his trembling lips.
—New York Ledger.

Brave Women.

SPINSTERS WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY WIVES BUT FOR THE WAR.

Recently I went over to see my friend, the colonel, a Virginian, who was a distinguished officer on the side of the South. Since the war his duties as consulting engineer have taken him all over the country, and, being a close observer, his opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. As we sat smoking on the wide piazza, and watching the growing moonlight, gradually discovering the grounds of the adjoining mansion, I saw a number of ladies looking eastward, and heard them commenting in low, melodious voices on the glories of the night.

"Four maiden sisters," whispered the colonel, "and they are the owners, and, with the servants, the sole occupants of that fine old mansion."

"It is evident that your wife has unbounded faith in you," I laughed, "or she would not leave you alone in this neighborhood."

"She is a good friend of the widows, and she feels that I am quite safe with them within call," said the colonel.

"But I thought you said they were maiden sisters?"

"So I did, and when I said 'widows,' I meant widows by brevet. Those ladies are now between forty and fifty years of age. Friends tell me that as girls they were very pretty. They are the best educated women I ever met, but they are neither pedantic nor misanthropic. They are above want. But their husbands were killed—"

"Their husbands killed?" I interrupted.

"Yes, killed in the war, but all of them may not know it. Let me explain. North and South there were killed in battle, or died of disease, fully five hundred thousand men, not one-tenth of whom were married. Of the men at the front, who bore the brunt of the battle, fully nine-tenths were under thirty years of age. Now, it is a law of nature that every man must have his mate, and every man who is killed or who dies prematurely and unmarried, forces some woman in some place to remain single. This subject interests me, and so I have made a study of it. I started out with a theory to account for the number of single women over forty whom I met with unvarying regularity in the South as well as in the North, and my theory is correct—that is why I call them 'old maids,' but 'widows by brevet.'"

"It is true that many of the widows by Grevet may never have met the man they might have married had there been no war, but in the great majority of cases they knew the man, for they had been neighbors, friends and schoolmates. I was a single man when, in 1861, I took command of my troop at Staunton, Va. Of the one hundred and ten men in the company there was not one married. I was then twenty-five, and was the oldest man in the troop. Our youngest men were about eighteen, but I was told, and I believe it, that from the captain down every man who rode with us for Bull Run that July morning had a sweetheart, and was engaged."

"When the war ended, I checked off with a friend the original muster-roll of that company. Thirty-one survived. The rest had gone before the bullet or the more fatal disease of the camp. But that meant eighty girls in and about Staunton whose sweethearts went away to die."

"There never was a soldier worth

the lead that killed him that didn't leave some woman at home—mother, sister or sweetheart, often all three—to mourn his taking off. The bullet seldom stopped in the brain or breast of the man it struck down on the battlefield, but winged its way over hill and river to find its final resting-place in a woman's heart. But of all the people who have suffered by the war the brevet widow most excites my sympathies."

"I do not think I regard her from the standpoint of a sentimentalist; but I felt when Congress was looking about for something to pension that it would have been a stroke of statesmanship and an evidence of chivalry had the brevet widows been pensioned. You laugh? Will you let me cite a case in point?"

"I know right here in New York State a lady who deserves a pension for her brevet condition far more than do many of the widows of full rank. This lady was engaged to be married to a young man, a member of the Seventh regiment, who belonged to a good family, and who held a position that would have made him rich in a few years had he kept close to business. The day set for his marriage was that on which the regiment marched to Washington. He saw the lady the night before and said he would remain back and join the regiment, she accompanying him, the day after its departure. But her pride and her patriotism were as strong as her love. She said: 'We can wait, Jack, but the danger to the capital will not be postponed on account of our wedding. The thought of standing by your side at the altar has been in my mind by day and brightened my dreams by night ever since you asked me to be your wife; but I feel, Jack, that it is your duty to march with the regiment.'"

"The next day she saw him through her tears at the head of his company, for he was an officer, marching down Broadway, up which he never was to return. Jack, as I will call him, was offered a higher commission in a new regiment before the three months for which the Seventh had gone out had expired, and after consulting his fiancée and getting her consent he took it. At the same time the lady went to Washington as a nurse. This was certainly a great sacrifice, but I doubt if the colonel or the nurse looked at it in that way; they simply saw their duty and did it."

"Before the echo of the guns had died out at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, as your side calls it, the nurse was in charge of a hospital that had been established in the village. Among the very first of the wounded brought to that hospital was Jack. He had a bullet in his brain, and so did not recognize his betrothed wife in the nurse, and as she sat by his cot holding his hand that night he died."

"The lady nursed on till the end of the war, when she returned home, aged and heart-broken, at twenty-five. The war that made her a brevet widow, impoverished her father, whose business had been with the South, but she set bravely to work to help him, and was his principal support till he, too, died, another victim of the contest."

"At present the lady, now in her fiftieth year, lives in a little flat with her helpless old mother. She teaches drawing, and writes charmingly for juvenile publications. She wears no medals, has no political influence, and seeks no notoriety, yet who will say that that gentle old maid, that brevet widow, is not a heroic character and has not done more to prove it than one-half of the men who have been living on their record since the war? If I had my way about it, that splendid woman should have a large pension."—Times.

"Thankee, boss, thankee," said the old negro when he saw the dollar returned. He pocketed the dollar and departed with the receipt.

The next morning Mr. Stewart met the same old negro fellow on a street car. When the negro saw Mr. Stewart he broke into a laugh.

"Look here, uncle; why did you want to pay more tax than was necessary?"

"Well, it wuz dis way, boss: I wanted a dollar. I didn't know 'actly how ter git 'er. I paid you \$6.40, didn't I, boss? I goes home and tells the ole lady I dun paid Mr. Stuard \$6.40. Dat dollar belongs to me."—Atlanta Herald.

Why People Began to Sit When Eating.

It seems not to be precisely known when it became habitual to sit at table. Among the first men it was customary to recline in a circle or to place themselves in a half sitting posture about the repast, whether it was an animal roasted over the fire or a caldron containing food cooked by boiling. Seats for kings or nobles were common among the Assyrians, Egyptians and Hebrews, but persons of inferior rank, or even the lords themselves, sprawled on carpets or on the bare ground. The Greeks reclined at their meals, and for the rest of the time reclined, sat or lounged, according as they found one position more agreeable than another or their occupation permitted.

The Romans follow the same custom, though benches and chairs were probably more numerous among them. What were the customs in this respect of the Romans who colonized and whose descendants occupied the country now called France and Spain, we do not precisely know, but it is reasonable to suppose that the habit of sitting at meals or elsewhere in the house became general on account of the severity of the climate and the different architectural conditions in which the people lived. It was certainly more natural to recline in a climate that permitted life to be largely passed in rooms open to the weather or in the open air, than in buildings damp and cold in winter, where contact with the floor was particularly to be avoided.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Either fall or spring planting may be adopted, but for the strawberry spring setting is surest and safest. Do not let a strawberry bed run over two years.

591 suppers were provided. There were, in the same year, 364 resting places with 12,600 beds, providing in the year 2,223,000 lodgings.

Prof. Peabody explains that it was at first feared that they might be tempted to stay too long in so good a refuge, and a maximum term of two years was fixed; but, in fact, a great proportion of such men cannot bear the restraint for any considerable period. It is estimated that in the years 1887-1889, 7.7 per cent. (913) of the colonists left within a week, 4.3 per cent. (507) within a fortnight, 23.7 per cent. within a month, and 41 per cent. within two months. Of all who left the colony, 20.8 per cent. had obtained definite occupation; 60.4 per cent. left at their own desire, and may be assumed to have renewed their tramp life; 5.5 per cent. had remained the entire term of two years; 4.4 per cent. were dismissed for misconduct; and 2 per cent. were transferred to hospitals for treatment. Finally, 2 per cent. ran away. Of 5,556 colonists in 1888, 3,617, or 65 per cent. were at a colony for the first time; and 1,939, or 35 per cent., were at a colony at the least for a second visit. Of these, 8.2 per cent. were there for the third time, 2.8 per cent. for the fourth time, 1.2 per cent. for the fifth time, and 0.05 per cent. for the sixth time.

He Wanted a Dollar.

Tax Collector Stewart comes in for his share of amusing incidents. The other day a fat, little, undersized, gray-headed negro man waddled into the apartment for taxpayers. It was early in the morning and he was the only taxpayer there. By getting on tiptoes the old negro could just peep through the window between the apartments; but no one in the tax office seemed to see him. At last Mr. Stewart's attention was attracted by various and sundry noises.

"What is it uncle?" asked Mr. Stewart.

"Mawwin, boss, mawwin. I jes' wanted ter fin out how much my ole lady's tax wuz, boss. I'm 'bout sho' it's erbout six-forty."

Mr. Stewart consulted the tax books.

"Only five-forty."

"Boss," said the old fellow in a dubious tone, "I spees you better look ergin. I'm sho it must be six-forty."

In spite of all the old tax collector could

Collegeville, Montg. Co., Pa.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, March 31, 1892.

One of the problems to be elucidated by the professor of journalism at the Chicago University will be how it is that four papers can each run a special train over one line of track at exactly the same moment and yet employ only one engine and one car.

Much horror is expressed at the thought of the law having had to shock the Italian murderer, Cotto, five times to make him lose his hold on life. And yet that same murderer shocked his victim eleven times with a claspknife before earning the right to have misplaced sympathy wasted upon him.

ERNEST RUSSELL, of Muncie, Ind., is a most unreasonable man. His family had been at the trouble and expense of mourning his death, as soldier in the civil war, when, instead of filling a hero's grave, he was rambling around the country and killing time on the Indian trail, and now returns home to disturb existing arrangements, claiming that he is a survivor of the Custer massacre.

PRESIDENT HARRISON will be the Republican candidate for President of the United States this year, 1892.

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND will be the Democratic candidate for President this year, 1892.

That's the way the wind is blowing at present; and it is a mighty stiff breeze, too.

Another Presidential battle between the old gladiators of 1888 will be well worth watching.

The silver bill seems to be practically dead. Of the 148 votes cast for the defeat of the silver bill in the House on Thursday last, 82 were cast by Democrats and 66 by Republicans. Of those voting in favor of the measure, 129 are Democrats, 11 Republicans and 8 Farmers' Alliance men. The reversion of sentiment among the Democratic Congressmen in relation to the measure was doubtless owing to the fact that they received news from their constituents, who can't see how free silver would benefit them whilst they can appreciate pretty clearly how it would most likely unsettle the financial policy of the nation and enrich silver mine owners and speculators at the expense of the masses.

With all respect to those who have honestly advocated the Bland bill, we consider the measure a most iniquitous one in general and detail.

WALT WHITMAN, the poet, died at his home in Camden, N. J., Saturday evening, having attained a ripe old age. Walt Whitman was one of the unique and forcible characters of the war period, and his poetical contributions of those days possessed an originality peculiarly his own. Whilst his productions may be overrated by zealous friends, yet the fact remains that he was a man of unusual abilities along certain lines. Taking all in all he was a typical American in that he represented a striking product of free institutions, free speech and unstified thought. Any effort to detract from the honor due his memory, actuated by hostility to his individual convictions in regard to religious matters, will prove futile in the long run, for his "Leaves of Grass" will outlive the prejudices and contracted considerations of narrow-gauge thought.

QUAY'S first battle with opponents within his own party was fought at the Armstrong county primaries on Saturday. A direct vote for instructions for United States Senator was taken, and the result showed a popular majority for Quay over Dalzell of about 1,000. At the same time in Snyder county delegates were instructed for Quay for Senator.

The influence of Sir Quay within the ranks of the Republican party is of a positive and controlling character to a degree seldom exemplified by a political leader. In the face of systematized opposition, in the face of the fact that Quay has been a failure as a United States Senator, viewed solely from the standpoint of statesmanship, nevertheless Sir Quay still maintains the position of ruling high priest in the Republican household of Pennsylvania.

Sir Quay is the adored idol of the practical politicians—present and prospective office holders of the State—and they have a direct hold on the machinery of their party. The result is obvious. Two or three practical politicians at a primary meeting exert more influence than a dozen opponents to the powers that be.

The time is coming, however, when Quay's power will be shattered and broken. But that he will be dethroned by influence exerted within party lines we do not believe. When Quay goes down he'll take a big slice of his party with him.

AMIO PARKEE, the wealthy banker, coal operator and manufacturer, of Hazleton, died at his Rock Lodge Cottage, Florida, Saturday morning, aged 82 years. The deceased began life a poor boy. His business and executive

ability manifested in developing the coal regions of Pennsylvania years ago stamped him as rather an extraordinary character. With all his wealth he was one of the most unassuming men in the State.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 25, 1892.

Washington has been in a whirl of excitement this week. The debate on the Bland free coinage bill, a fire in the capitol building, and a dispatch of defiance sent by President Harrison to Lord Salisbury, all events out of the ordinary run of things, and calculated to cause a quickening of the pulse.

The free coinage debate, while at times very interesting, developed little from start to finish that was unexpected, and the man who was surprised at the result must have been both blind and deaf for many weeks; nevertheless it was evident that all of the members were in an unusual state of excitement, many of them evidently fearing that the unexpected would by some means take the place of the expected on the programme.

President Harrison's reply to Lord Salisbury's answer to the recent dispatch of this Government is in the hands of the Senate committee on Foreign Affairs, and, although the most extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent their being made public, the substance of both dispatches has leaked out. Lord Salisbury's answer was indefinite and answered the questions asked him by submitting propositions which had long before been rejected by this Government. That had the effect of arousing the Americanism of President Harrison and he cabled an answer that is in the nature of an ultimatum, which is said to be even more vigorous in tone than the one he sent to Chili. It is now said that if the Senate ratifies the arbitration treaty it will at the same time pass a resolution authorizing the President to use the military arm of the Government if necessary, to protect the rights of the United States in Behring Sea, pending the arbitration.

The public has a short memory or it would not accept the statement so often made within the last few days, that the action of the democrats on the Election committee of the House in deciding to give the seat held by Rockwell, democrat, to Noyes, the republican contestant from the 28th, New York district, was something very unusual. It was nothing of the kind. To go no further back than the Forty-ninth Congress, there were two such cases, Frank Hurd, of Ohio, and Gen. Shelly, of Alabama, being unseated by their own party, and in the last Congress, in which partisanship waged a hot fight, were retained in their seats by the republican majority. The virtues of Congress are few, therefore no one should seek to deprive it of any of them.

There was no politics in the vote of the Senate—48 to 5—by which the bill for the improvement of the Mississippi river was passed.

Representative Dingley, of Maine, has introduced a bill to prohibit the subletting of contracts for carrying the Government immigration station on Ellis Island was derived entirely from his private secretary, a Treasury clerk, General Nettleton, assistant Secretary and often acting Secretary of the Treasury, gave the public an inside view of how some of our big officials perform the duties they are paid for. It is common for Congressmen to get bright newspaper men to prepare the data for their speeches, and in some cases to furnish the language, but it is something new for the head of a great department to allow a single subordinate to furnish him with "ready made" opinions on important subjects.

The idea of detailing army officers to serve as Indian agents has strong opposition in the Senate, and no sooner was the Indian appropriation bill called up for consideration by that body than an amendment was reported to strike out the clause in the bill authorizing such detail.

Senator Mills will not resign his seat in the House until after he votes on the free wool bill, which now resumes the right of way. His promotion is gratifying to his colleagues of all shades of political opinion, and it is a mighty good thing for him personally, as the lighter duties of the Senate will give him a better chance to recover his health.

Every day the public is told by Secretary Blaine's physician that he is better and that he will soon be entirely well. Still the gentleman does not get well enough to resume his duties.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Printer. "You called Bill Johnson a thief last week, and now he's running for the Legislature."

Editor. "All right; he's still a thief."

Printer. "But he just paid \$10 for an announcement."

Editor. "Jerusalem! Just write a local there, and say that since calling Mr. Johnson a thief we learn that it is not his fault and that he is not to blame for it. Say it runs in his family."

CLOSE ESTIMATES.

The Clearfield *Hughes' Journal* says Hoover, Hughes & Co., of Penfield, Clearfield county, bid \$76,726 for the erection of the Pennsylvania State building at the World's Fair in Chicago. A Philadelphia firm bid \$74,700 and got the contract. It will be seen that there were but \$26 between these contractors on this large bid, which shows how closely estimates are made when there is competition.

THE SNAKE SCOTCHED—KILL IT.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Some six weeks ago a free silver bill was made a special order of the day by the overwhelming vote of 190 to 84, making a majority of 106 apparently in favor of the free silver cause. Several preliminary skirmishes occurred at that time between the free silver men and those opposed to it, but the indications were unmistakable that there was then a majority of over 100 in favor of the most suicidal financial policy that could be conceived in this land.

The action of the House aroused the sober, considerate judgment of the business and industrial interests of the country, and earnest protest came from every section and every legitimate interest against this midsummer madness. How strongly those protests have affected the House may be judged by the fact that on Thursday last, on the crucial test of the strength of the free silver men, their majority of over 100 had melted away, and only the casting vote of the Speaker saved the bill from the defeat.

But two Northern Democrats east of the Ohio voted with the free silver men. Representative Riley, of Pennsylvania, who probably still cherishes the delusion that the industrial people of the country want to paralyze their own industries by a degraded currency, and Mr. Rockwell, of New York, who was defeated by the people at the election in 1890, but was counted in by the peculiar methods of Governor Hill; and his vote is presumed to reflect the views of Senator Hill on the silver issue.

Had Mr. Riley, of Pennsylvania, voted for honest money, the free silver craze would have met its Waterloo on Thursday last. Now the bill may be made a special order at another time, and the snake has been scotched but not killed. When it shall come before the House again for consideration, there is every reason to hope that the emphatic expressions of all parties, all sections and all business and industrial interests, will change a sufficient number of Representatives to save the country from the consuming disgrace of a dishonored currency when the whole nation is enjoying prosperity.

There can be no pretense of justification for the effort to enlarge our silver currency, and there cannot be even the semblance of excuse for giving the producers of silver \$70,000,000 a year for \$50,000,000 worth of silver. With equal propriety might the farmers of the land ask the government to pay a premium of 30 per cent. on the market value of their wheat and other agricultural products; and every other productive industry could have equal claims upon the government to maintain its markets. Free silver is now advocated in the House for the benefit of a small class of silver producers at the expense of the whole people, and the argument calling for increased currency evades the vital point at issue.

Our present silver laws meet every reasonable demand of the silver producers, and they can have every ounce of silver produced by our own people and add to the circulating medium of the country nearly or quite \$50,000,000 each year. Who can claim that such an increase of our circulating medium, continued from year to year, is not more than ample to meet every need of the business interests of the country? Anything beyond it must mean wild inflation, unhealthy speculation, taxation of the masses for a very small class, a depreciated currency and undervalued values in every channel of legitimate interests of trade; and we appeal to the sober judgment of the Representatives of the nation, regardless of party, to kill the snake that they so grandly scotched on Thursday last.

OUR STOCK

OF
Store Goods

Includes the usual assortment required to meet the wants of patrons during the seasons as they occur, including DRY GOODS, MUSLINS, CALICOES, GINGHAMS, CHEVOTS, TABLE LINENS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Canton Flannels!
UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Cassimeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods, all at the lowest prices.

Boots & Shoes
For everybody, marked down 15 per cent.

RUBBER GOODS of all kinds.
Large Stock of GLOVES.

FRESH GROCERIES
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

F. B. RUSHONG,
TRAPPE, PA.

SEND FOR FREE PAMPHLET ON MORGAN'S SCOPE AND IMPORT.

The Open Court.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF CONCILIATING RELIGION WITH SCIENCE.

Subscription \$2.00 a year; 50c per copy. Send for sample copy.

THE MONIST
A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Subscription \$2.00 a year; 50c per copy. Send 25 cents for sample copy.

The Religion of the Churches is founded upon the science popular in the time of their origin. To establish religion upon the science of our time is the object of THE OPEN COURT and THE MONIST.

A few contributors: Charles S. Peirce, Prof. Joseph Le Conte, Prof. E. D. Cope, W. D. Conway, W. T. Harris, Prof. F. M. Mueller, Prof. Geo. J. Romanes, James Sully, B. Bosanquet, Dr. A. Binet, Prof. C. Lombroso, Prof. E. Mach, Prof. F. Jodl, Prof. H. Haeckel, Dr. F. L. Oswald, Gen. M. M. Trumbull.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT. A novel by Gustav Freytag. Is a practical presentation of the Religion of Science. Authorized translation from the sixteenth German edition, extra cloth, 2 vols., gilt top, price, \$4.00.

To bring THE LOST MANUSCRIPT within reach of all, a NEW EDITION IN ONE VOLUME has been prepared. Fine cloth, large type, 953 pp.

PRICE \$1.00, POSTPAID.
For other publications of THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO. Write for Catalogue and Price List, CHICAGO, 169-173 La Salle St.



PRICE
Quality and Workmanship

All right. Have you thought of your need of carpets this spring? We have been thinking of it for you and the result of our efforts are now ready for your inspection. Our knowledge, our capital, our skill in selection, have all worked for your benefit. It will profit you to visit our rooms. The floor space is ample, the light is so good that color values are true, and thus selection is made easy. And selection is ample also when you have choice of Brussels of these makers: Victoria, Roxbury, Stinson, Smith, Riverton, Delaware. The varieties of Axminsters, Moquettes and Saxony Velvets comprise beautiful patterns in colorings suited for all tastes.

Of cheaper carpets the Ingrain in quality is right at the prices, and the patterns are the choice and serviceable selections of this spring's offerings. The C C Supers, Extra Supers and Three-Plys are in quantity sufficient to prove worthy of a visit to look them over.

The Carpet Department is complete also in Oil Cloths and Linoleums, in Window Shadings, &c. The facilities we place at your service are complete. We guarantee our work in every respect and our work covers every detail after you have made the selection.

We ask the favor of your visit in the confident belief that we can save you money and trouble in giving the best money value to be had in Carpets.

L. H. Brendlinger

LEADING DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, TRIMMINGS, CARPETS AND BOOKS.

Nos. 76, 78, 80 and 82 Main Street
NORRISTOWN, PA.

FOR

FURNITURE

CARPETS, - - BEDDING

Housefurnishing Goods.

—GO TO—
MARKLEY'S

Grand - - Depot,

- - The Cheapest Place in the - - County.

Window Shades made and put up.
Carpets Sewed and Laid.

Prime Geese Feathers and Cork Shavings always on hand.

Young Housekeepers Furnished with Goods from Cellar to Garret.

Grand Depot is as lively as a Beehive. There is hustling and bustling from morning till night.

—OUR SPECIALS ARE —
11-4 All-wool Bed Blankets that were sold at \$6.00 are closed out at \$3.75—a Great Sacrifice.

Great Reduction in Woolen Underwear and Men's Suits and Overcoats.

2500 Yards Calico—Full Pieces, no Remnants, at 4c. per yard, worth 7c. per yard.

Lot of Fancy Towels at Less than Half Price.

The above are Dollars in your Pocket every time.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

E. L. MARKLEY,
213, 215 & 217 Main St.,
ROYERSFORD, PA.

SEED POTATOES
Extra Fine Varieties.

Landreth's Farmers' Alliance Potato. A new variety of great value. Tried last year along side of 20 sorts, and it surpassed them all in productivity. Fine flavor, very early, good keeper. Per bushel, \$3.00; per bin, \$6.00.

Green Mountain Potato, Large and Showy, very productive, excellent quality, medium early. Per bushel, \$2.00; per bin, \$4.50.

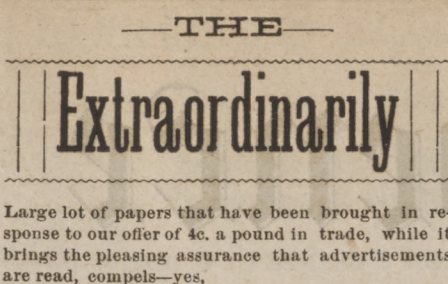
Landreth's Garfield Potato. We have been selling this variety during several years past, with unqualified satisfaction to our customers. Medium early, pure white, the grain, neatly, and of extraordinary fine flavor. Per bushel, \$2.00; per bin, \$4.50.

Landreth's State of Maine Potato. One of the finest varieties we have; very medium size, very productive, flesh when cooked snow white, crystalline or mealy, deliciously nutty flavor. Per bushel, \$2.00; per bin, \$4.50.

Descriptive Circular of these and other varieties mailed free to all applicants.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,
21 & 23 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.
Branch Store: Delaware Ave. & Arch St. 3-10.

FOR SALE!
A good market wagon. Apply to
ABRAHAM WEIKEL, near Trappe.



Actually Compels!
Up to make APRIL 9, 1892, the limit of the offer. After that date the price will be 1/4c. a pound.

Papering at the prices at which we sell more cash than a single season's white washing; besides, the paper looks much better and lasts much longer. We have numbers of patterns of each quality of paper; prices range from 5 to 15c. a piece of 3 yards. In the very good, the borders match the paper exactly. There are also a few remnants, enough for small jobs, and under, to be sold very cheap. We mail samples of papers if desired.

Paints. For inside and outside work. The outside paint made, and is the only ready-mixed paint which upon analysis shows the presence of enough rubber to act as a preserver of surface to which it is applied; more glue is not a thorough test—toughness in putting on it, and our Rubber Paint has that as well as the glue. The makers are not afraid to put it against any ready mixed paint in the market for durability. Our price for it is 1/2c. a pound. All shades of paint in 1/2 pint cans; suitable for small jobs, such as brightening up old chests, chairs, buckets, milk cans, etc.

Furniture Polish: No one should think of cleaning house without it; the only thing to be gotten that needs only an old rag for its application, and yet gives a look of newness to furniture. We use it exclusively on the furniture we send out.

Carriage Paints. A 11 colors, in just as nice and as good for wear if put on at home as a cheap job with the carriage painter, and costs only 5c. for the job—5c. for paint, 10c. for a brush.

Other Seasonables: Lack of space prevents lengthy mention. Fence Wire, Fencing Wire, all widths. Field and Garden Seeds, in packages and bulk.

Household Goods for Outfits
White Rock Lime in Cans. White wash and Paint Brushes. Spring Styles in Men's and Boys' Hats, and Clothes Stuffs.

KULP & WAGNER,
GRATER'S FORD. PENNA.

BARGAINS
IN ALL KINDS OF

STORE - - GOODS!
—IS THE ORDER AT—
FENTON'S.

The list of Specialties is comprehensive and includes just what you want and at the right price. In the line of

DRY GOODS!
SHOES FOR MEN, LADIES AND CHILDREN,
HATS AND CAPS
FOR MEN AND BOYS.

We Mean to be Ahead!
Our \$1.25 and \$1.68 Ladies' Kid Shoes are un surpassed.

Ladies' Oxford Ties, only \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Extra Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, \$3.00 and \$2.50, guaranteed.

Misses' Kid Shoes, only \$1.25.
Men's and Boys' Boston Club Shoes, only \$1.25, very easy on the feet.

In Quality for Fine Groceries,
WE CAN'T BE BEATEN.

Choice Bee-Hive Syrup, only 50c. gal. Good Table and Baking Syrup, only 40c.

Best quality New Orleans Molasses, 60c. gal.
4 lbs. best Head Rice for 25c.

1 lb. best Cheering Tobacco, 25c. Pickles, 10c. doz. Full Cream Cheese, 15c. lb. Finest Ginger Snaps, 10c. lb., or 3 for 25c. Water Crackers, 3 lbs. for 25c. Still have a few Old Potatoes, \$1.30 bushel. FULL LINE OF HARDWARE, OILS, DRUGS, PAINTS, CEMENT, PLASTER, PAIR OF CLOTHES, &c. Extra heavy Fly Screen Doors, all sizes, for \$1.00 and \$1.25. Window Screens, all sizes, 25c. and 35c. Agents for Allentown Ready-mixed Paints. Save agents' big profits by purchasing The Demonstrator Sewing Machine for \$19.50, with all attachments, delivered free. Orders by mail promptly attended to and goods delivered at all parts.

W. P. FENTON,
31 Feb
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

— NEW —
DRESS GOODS
For the Winter of 1891-92

—AT—
LEOPOLD'S!
We have just received from some of the leading importers a choice variety of new

Cheviots, Homespuns, Habit Cloths, Camels Hair, and other Novelties IN BEAUTIFUL STYLES.

We have some handsome Dress Patterns, one of a kind, not to be found in any other store in Pottsville. We offer again a new line of excellent homespuns, one and an eighth yards wide at 50 cents. These are superior to anything offered in Philadelphia at that price, and pronounced by some of the Dress Goods men of several of Philadelphia's leading stores to be the best at 75 cents.

We've sold hundreds of yards of this quality of goods and never knew anything to give better satisfaction.

We have new goods, all wool, as low as 25 cents and up to \$2.00. You may expect to find the choicest Dress Goods, Cloakings, Coats, Capes, Furs, Corsets, Fast Black Hosiery and Gloves, at

Leopold's,
254 HIGH ST.,
POTTSVILLE, PA.

OPERATORS in the Building, Steam Power, also work in the home. Good pay. Steady work. Apply ENRIK SHIRT PA TORY, Marshall and DeKalb Sts., Norristown, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

— THIS IS THE PLACE TO GET —
PRIME SWEET MAJORAM.

PURE BLACK PEPPER AND ALL OTHER SPICES. CANARY SEED AND GRAVEL.

COMPOUND COUGH SYRUP, Will Cure your Cough, Croup and Grippe. RED LINIMENT, For Frosted Feet, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism, &c.

BEST PRIME ANNATTO.
Call and examine our stock. We have everything kept in a well stocked Drug Store—all fresh and pure.
JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

No Collection Complete Without Our
STERLING - - SILVER - - SOUVENIR - - SPOON!



Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge. By Mail, Postage Paid, \$1.50. Gen'l Bartram's Monument, Norristown, Pa.

J. D. SALLADE, Manufacturer,
16 E. Main Street, Opp. Public Square, NORRISTOWN, PA.

WE LEAD THEM ALL!
— IN —
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c.

Largest Stock to Select From!
All Goods Warranted as Represented. Lowest Prices Guaranteed at the Most Popular Jewelry Store of

We have the most complete facilities for doing anything in the line of Repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

G. LANZ'S, No. 211 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.

THE REASON WHY!
In trying to solve the question why "hard times" rest heavily upon many, we can discern at least one, and perhaps the most important, reason. It is this: Many people are continually spending their earnings and their cash away from home! That's it. Circulate your cash in your own vicinity. Patronize Home Trade, encourage home industries, manufactures and productions. And why not buy your

Clothing at Gotwals' Store,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE.

You can get the same made to order just as cheap as you buy them ready-made—and satisfaction guaranteed every time.

Also a full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware and Queensware. Boots and Shoes a specialty. GROCERIES at lowest prices, quality considered. A call at the store is solicited from

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

THREE REASONS WHY
YOU SHOULD PLACE YOUR ORDERS WITH
H. L. SAYLOR,
— PROPRIETOR OF —
Collegeville Marble & Granite Works

1st.—Best of material used in either Marble or Granite. 2nd.—Workmanship guaranteed first-class. 3rd.—Prices the lowest.

CEMETERY WORK of Every Description in Marble or Granite. Orders entrusted for building work will receive prompt attention.

THE IMPROVED
PERFECT WASHER
Sold on its Merits.

— ALL —
WHO HAVE USED THE
PERFECT WASHER

Cheerfully Testify to Its Unsurpassed Merits.

If you need a Washer, be sure to give the Perfect Washer a trial, and you will want no other.

Write to or call on
S. R. DETWILER, Agt.
Yerkes Station, Pa.

Patented April 3, 1888.

If you want the Finest Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery in the World, communicate with
Evergreen Nurseries.

GEO. PINNEY, Evergreen, Wis.

HATS! Retail at Wholesale Prices!
The Leading Spring Styles!

Now ready in Black and Light Colors. It will well pay you to examine the stock of Hats manufactured by ourselves and sold at retail at wholesale prices. We make any style to order and guarantee to fit any shaped head at no extra charge. Stiff Hats at \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, and we guarantee the quality of these goods unequalled at the above prices.

Lownes & Williams, HAT MANUFACTURERS,
Monday's Building, Main Street, Below Mill, NORRISTOWN.

INVESTMENTS:
There are no better nor safer investments than First Mortgages on City or Town Real Estate

I am prepared to make such investments in any amount at the best rates of interest. Call on or address,
S. B. LATSHAW,
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
ROYERSFORD, PA.

REFERENCES: National Bank of Royersford, Royersford; National Bank of Spring City, Spring City; A. D. Fetterolf, Collegeville; H. W. Kratz, Norristown. 150c3m

NORRISTOWN HERALD BOOK BINDERY. Binding Job Belling, Perforating, Pasting, Numbering, Blank Books for Banks and Business Houses, given special attention. Magazines bound and repaired done quickly and cheaply. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Address, MORGAN R. WILLS, Proprietor. 31m.

CRAYON PORTRAITS!
First-class Crayon Portraits; warranted not to fade and to be true pictures of the original. Prices low. Instructions given in Crayon Drawing. R. P. BALDWIN, 254 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. Orders taken at this office.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of Jacob Gegenheimer, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims, to present the same without delay to

AARON WEIKEL, Shannonville, ABRAHAM WEIKEL, Trappe, ISAAC R. WEIKEL, Oaks. Or their attorney, Walter S. Jennings, Norristown, 24mrd

